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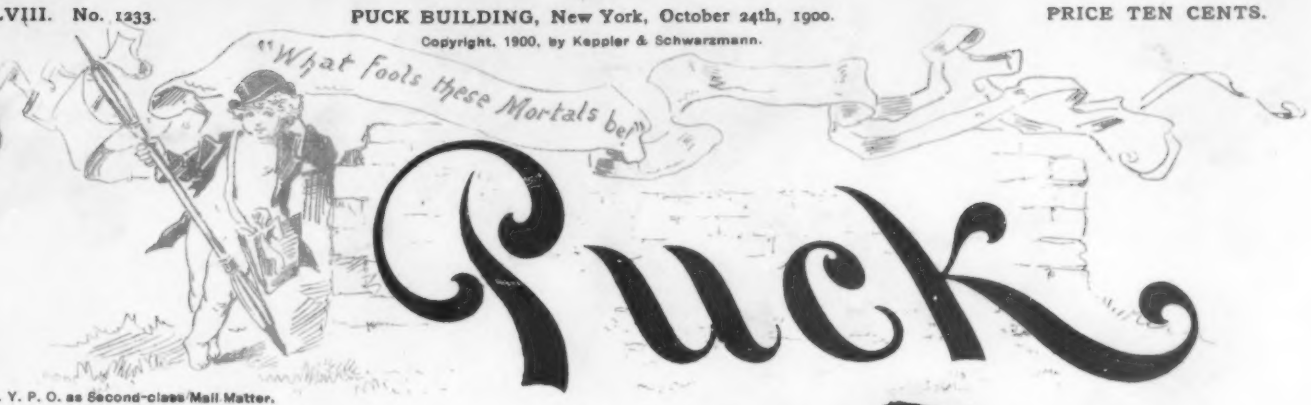

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THE POLITICAL VAUDEVILLE.

THE WALKING DELEGATE IN HIS LATEST POPULAR SONG, — "No Matter What Happens, I 'm Always On Top."

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RATHER DIFFICULT.

DR. GAZELLE *(to his Assistant)*.— I have done my best to instruct you in all the branches of medicine, that you may be able, when I pass away, to step into my shoes.

IMPERIALISM.

THAT IMPERIALISM has broken out among us can no longer be doubted. It has been seen. Men who hold responsible and trusted positions as candidates for office, and who are therefore unimpeachable, have seen it. So that here, on the very threshold of a new century, we find ourselves face to face with a great burning, throbbing question; a question that is wafted hither and thither with the speed of the wind on the wings of the office-seeker; a question that is fraught with moment, more moment perhaps than any question has hitherto been fraught with. This question demands an answer at the hands of the American people.

In order that this question may be answered in a way that will satisfy the fathers who have been yearning so long for the welfare of this great and glorious country, and to the end that the framers of the Declaration of Independence who feel so much interest in us may have cause to rejoice, I deem it my duty to take up my pen. My country in her hour of distress and perplexity has a right to call upon me for guidance, and I will not forsake her in her extremity. I have never yet been so base as to forsake a country in an extremity, and far be it from me to do so now. It is not for me to permit my mouth to remain a sealed book when my country calls for words of timely advice.

I have peered into the future, my countrymen, and only a few generations hence I have seen a chasm — more than that, I have seen a yawning chasm, rising up in the pathway of posterity and threatening to engulf them. At such times as this I could not repress a shudder. I have shuddered for posterity in the same manner that our great and good Washington shuddered for posterity; as Jefferson — aye, as the martyred Lincoln shuddered. The opposition may charge that I do this with the idea that posterity will some day shudder for me, and that I have an ulterior motive. But, before God, I have none! I seek only the truth. I have nothing to conceal. I never had anything to conceal.

No man can show me where I have ever scratched the ticket, and wherever the opposition has shown one of its dragon heads I have stricken it off with my trusty blade. Wherever I have run across its slimy track I have followed it up like a relentless sleuth to its lair, and there I have dealt it sledge-hammer blows, any one of which would have entitled me to ask for political preferment. Yet I have never sought office. I have been content to labor quietly and without ostentation. I scorn ostentation. I do this frequently. It would be with great reluctance that I could be induced to accept the office of Representative in Congress from this district, where I have fought so long and so earnestly for the good of the party, though I feel that I could serve my country in that capacity with telling effect.

But, my countrymen, we must awake. We must shake off our lethargy, those of us who have lethargy on us. I adjure you to be vigilant. I adjure you as the fathers would adjure you if they were alive and doing well. Be on your guard lest imperialism should slink in the back way and take us unawares. Then one of us would have to go away from our happy home and be a king. It might be you; it might be me.

How sad it must be to have to lay aside the mild-eyed, sad and solemn mule with whom we have passed so many, many happy hours, to go and don the habiliments of royalty! But even if this cross should be laid upon me, fellow citizens, I would not shrink from my duty one jot nor tittle.

I have never shrunk a jot or tittle, and I will not shrink one now. I would not drag back and make excuses and try to avoid my duty by saying there might be others who could do as well as I. I would not seek to shirk the responsibility by the employment of a subterfuge. No subterfuges for me!

I would go and assume the throne, and I would strive to reign in such a way as to win the love and affection of those on whom I reigned, so that when they came to pluck the bright and shining assassin's dagger from my vitals, they would shed scalding tears.

I would not be a haughty potentate.

When people would come over to see me I would not spurn them in contempt from the foot of the throne, but I would speak to them a few kindly words. I would also be an economical king, and save many millions of dollars for my loyal subjects, and whenever they desired it I would have more money made for them.

But I digress. Pardon me, gentle reader, for thus digressing.

The issue has been joined. We are on the verge of a crisis, and there is no alternative.

Benj. F. Stuart.

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PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXXV.

THE MAN WHO EXPECTS TO GOVERN ALL OF US, EXCEPT MR. PLATT.

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THE MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

MISS ASKINS.—Do you believe in church lotteries?
DE WITTE.—Well—er—I rather like church weddings.

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.

FIRST TELEPATHIST.—Every science has its weak points.

SECOND TELEPATHIST.—What is the matter with ours?

FIRST TELEPATHIST.—Well, last Summer I went away off in the woods to enjoy a quiet and undisturbed rest and I had n't been there two days when I received a telepathic message from the president of the society wanting to know if I could let him have fifty dollars when I came back.

AS TO THE TENOR.

"Weak in the upper register, is n't he?"

"Not weak enough to suit me. I regret to say that I hear him plainly."

BURGLARY.

I was much nettled to discover a burglar in my room.

"What are you up to?" I asked, with severity.

"Date!" replied the burglar, cheerily.

Saying which he deftly cast a hypnotic spell over me, rendering me quite helpless.

O TEMPORA! O MORES!

"I know which side my bread is buttered on!" sneered the Spirit of To-day, with hauteur.

"Butterined on, you doubtless mean!" insinuated the Spirit of Yesterday, with a provoking smile.

IN THE UNCONGESTED DISTRICT.

TOWNE.—Now that I 'm out this far, I may as well call on Brown, also. He 's your next-door neighbor, is n't he?

SUBBUBS.—Yes;—wait a moment and I 'll megaphone and see if he 's at home.

PEOPLE ARE pretty likely to form their opinion of you by "coppering" what you tell them about yourself.

HAPPILY, conventionality does not impose upon the girl who trembles like a fawn any obligation to eat like a fawn.

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LITTLE TIME NEEDED.

"I choost vant to sell you a visk proom or a tuster or—"

"Oh! I 'm busy."

"Vell, it von't take a minute—unless you vant to beat down der brice!"

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APPREHENSION.

THE MONKEY.—You 're not going to eat another golf ball?

THE OSTRICH.—Of course I am!

THE MONKEY.—Well, for goodness' sake! try to gulp them all down! If the lion sees you with those three in your neck, he 'll be savage enough to chew up a couple of caddies!

THE ACTOR-SUBURBANITE AT HOME.

NOT VERY long ago a worldly-wise land speculator started a suburban settlement within walking distance from a New York Eastside ferry, which advantage appealed so forcibly to the theatrical people of the city that this suburb is now populated almost entirely by actor-suburbanites.

Here, in the Summer, melodrama heros mow the sloping lawns in silk shirt-waists open at the neck in studied carelessness, with property lawn-mowers, borrowed for the occasion; and in Winter, they heat the cosy sitting-rooms in their picturesque easy-monthly-payment cottages luxuriously warm with a candle behind red oiled paper in the grates. There are fountains galore with real water and tin ducks floating in them; and anyone who has ever gone to the theatre can readily see that the rôle of policeman is being played by an Irish song-and-dance artist out of a job, as no policeman in real life ever looked so much like the ideal article

Demure, lovely heroine actresses, faultlessly attired in *négligé* tea-gowns, sit tatting complacently in the exact centre of real ivy-covered porches with their mommers, their names in large type on the plates of their front-doors; while masculine matinée idols loll luxuriously in practical arbors surrounded by artificial palms and papier mache urns.

Con C. Converse.

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A LONG-DRAWN JOB.

MRS. FARMER.—If you will saw that stick of wood I will cook you something to eat while you are sawing it.

ROUNDER BOUT.—Exactly, Mum! And where am I going ter sleep nights?

INDECISION.

"Fly for your life!" implored the heroine in the Irish melodrama.

"Shall I fly for my life, or sing a ballad?" muttered Terence, the hero.

For he wavered between the promptings of self and the traditions of his art.

POLITICS.

The politician of the old school regarded the press bureau distrustfully.

"What 's the sense of pipe-dreaming when there 's so much pipe-laying to be done?" expostulated he.

APPRECIATION of other people's jokes has done more in a worldly way for many a man than a classical education.

PROBABLY GIRLS would not oppose the passage of a law providing that the act of a young man in putting his arm around a girl's waist should be construed as a marriage proposal.

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A SAFEGUARD.

BACHELOR.—Is a man safe in getting married on twenty a week?

NEWLYWED.—No; but he 's comparatively safe from getting married!

TO THE SKIPPER OF THE "R. P."

GLIDE on the glancing waters,
While the stars and the misty moon
Are mirrored as in reality,
And the musing night-winds croon,

I see a heaven above me
And one in the water's sheen,
And still another you and I
Could tell of — one between.

Peter Curran.

RATHER ENJOYABLE.

"Oh, yes," said the provincial; "I had a good time in New York, on the whole. To be sure, some of my experiences were not very pleasant, but they might have been worse. For example, I made the mistake of trying to get on a street-car and had my skull fractured; but powerful friends interceded in my behalf and I did n't have to spend the night in jail, as people usually have to do who have their skulls fractured in New York. As I say, I had a good time, on the whole."

STRATEGIC ERROR.

Cupid took the maiden's heart,
By dint of being very clever;
But lost it, for he left one man
To garrison the place forever.

AN UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCE.

LUCINDA.—What stahted de row at de station?

MELINDA.—Dat vulgah Jim Johnsing went a little too fah.

LUCINDA.—How 's dat?

MELINDA.—Why, he frowed a hull rice-*puddin'* at de groom!

WORK THAT has been done does not seem to be advertised so extensively as work that is going to be done.

NO PLACE TO GET RICH.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—I hear Kelly got a good job in the public works department.

SECOND POLITICIAN.—Rats! I refused that job.

FIRST POLITICIAN *(in surprise)*.—Why?

SECOND POLITICIAN.—Why, he ain't got the handling of a penny, except his salary.

A SAD CASE.

MRS. HOGAN.—Thot little sphalpane av a Jerry Horrigan musht be a bad pinny entoirely.

MRS. DUGGAN.—Phwy?

MRS. HOGAN.—Shure, he 's bin th' manes av makin' his poor woife a confir-rmed husband-bater.

AN INQUIRY.

MAIDEN AUNT.—There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

MISS PERT.—Can't you catch any of them, Auntie?

UNMOVED.

ASSISTANT.—Here is a letter from a man who says our specific did not cure him.

PATENT MEDICINE MAN.—Mere blackmail. Write him that we won't pay him a cent to change his opinion.

HIS IDEA.

TEACHER.—Ikey, vere vos der Promised Land?

IKEY.—I t'ink it vos New York.

WITCHERY.

Of old, with a rod of witch hazel was found
The spot where sweet water would gush from the ground.
Thou witch, with thy witch hazel eyes, thou dost start
The swift-flowing fountain of love in my heart!

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AN ADVOCATE OF SIMPLICITY.

FIRST SCHOOLBOY.—Why, flurried means rattled!

SECOND SCHOOLBOY.—Oh! does it? I wonder why people can't say what they mean instead of puttin' on lugs?

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A CINCH.

REGINALD.—When I grow up I am going to be a policeman!

PATSY.—I hope you 'll live to grow up all right! When I grow up I 'm goin' to do a policeman!

THE COURSE OF TIME.

COME WITH ME, gentle and indulgent reader. I have a new philosophy of Time. Come with me, and let us prove it, and afterward we will dispute with those who do not believe, and, perhaps, who knows, come to believe it ourselves.

Long ago Herbert Spencer declared that there was no Absolute Direction in Space; and long before that there was n't any. Out in Space, which has no beginning and never a point to start from, there is neither East nor West, neither up nor down, neither hither nor yon, and in its uncharted realm not the wisest philosopher would know which way was from him.

Another marvel is that no creature of Space can be lost. More safely than the casket keeps the jewels, Space keeps its stars and worlds. Though they go far away upon the unreturning path of the hyperbola, Space keeps them all.

Now can mortal say that these things which are true of Space are not true also of Time? Is Time the less mysterious and less wonderful? From the beginning of wonder, Time and Space have been the twins of philosophy, as before that they were the copesmates of chaos and old night. Though we know them apart the manner of our knowing is but another marvel, and no one can lay a finger upon a finite difference between them. For all the purposes of wisdom their properties are the same. And this, then, is my philosophy: that there is no absolute direction in Time, and that Time keeps all its treasures.

What are our corollaries? There are a thousand of them, with scholia and deductions and inferences to delight the heart: as this, that though we speak of Time as going forward, it may in reality be going backward; or this, that though we speak of the Hours as passing away, they are in truth but circling in some shining orbit; and the gorgeous conclusion of all is that we and our world are in reality an ever-running biograph, an everlasting kinetograph, an indestructible cinematograph. Life turns the crank, and our joyous existence passes upon the screen.

To be sure, sometime we shall be wound up on the scroll, but life will still turn on, and sooner or later we shall come back into the light. And I can only think that when life has turned us on and out of sight, the universe will cry out with joy at the unusual spectacle of our existence, and demand at once an encore.

Very likely, when the machinery is reversed, we shall pass over the screen the other way. Then we shall grow (as the word is) from old to young. And what harm will there be in that? On our present course across the screen we have only wealth to look forward to, — wealth and a gold-headed cane and a house with stone steps; but then we shall have youth to look forward to. Our hair will first be gray. What a thrill of joy when the first brown hair steals in! Our cheeks will be like the gray cheeks of the East and presently the color of the bursting dawn will begin to spread upon them. And the poetry that we read, instead of being sad, as poetry now is, will blithely say to us: "A shrunk shank will become a good leg, a stooped back will straighten, a white beard will turn black, a withered face will grow fair, a hollow eye will wax full, and a good heart is the sun or moon; or, rather, it is the moon and not the sun, for after every change it is itself again.

John Anderson, my jo John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the silver,
Your aged form was bent;
But now you 're strong and straight, John
Your locks are like the jet;
And, blessings on your curly pow,
We 're growing younger yet!

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SUPPRESSION.

PAT.—These trust magnates should be suppressed!

MIKE.—Begobs! Ain't none o' them married?

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'WAY OFF.

HE.—A fortune-teller told me yesterday that I would marry you!
SHE.—Why did n't you pay a little more and go to a good one?

A NEWSPAPER PUFF has raised the wind for many an air castle.

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN THE BLOOD. PATRIOTISM IS MUCH spoken of as if it were a mere idea, an untried theory. The vital truth about it, that it is an instinct, primal, rooted in the very blood and tissue of the physical organism, prevailing over reason, rising even above convictions of right and wrong, abolishing consistency and dissolving the most elaborate theories, is apt to be forgotten. It has been forgotten by those who are counting on the cry of militarism to bring votes to Bryan. They have conceived patriotism to be the opposite of what it is: something that pulls apart instead of something that holds together. If patriotism were nothing more than what they assume it to be, if it were not, in reality, an instinct that holds us together in spite of individual differences and individual failings, there never would have been a State or even a family. Indeed, the individual himself could not have become; for it is the same instinct that holds together and subordinates to a common end the ever-warring cells of the human organism. Mr. Bryan, to put it in the vernacular, is up against the basic truth of biology.

* * *

Mr. Bryan and his helpers depict Mr. McKinley as a ruthless, grasping despot; a red-handed slayer of innocent men and women; the tool of a band of plunderers eager to sack the treasury, to enslave the tax-payer and to overthrow the Republic. If there be any base motive or any wicked intention that has not been ascribed to the present administration the omission must have been due to forgetfulness. We do not believe there has been any such omission. In cartoons, in newspaper print, in speeches, it would seem that every imaginable bad thing had been said of the President and his advisers. And there is where the rub comes. Being said of the President they are said of the country. Being said of the country they are said of each individual. Every man may not reason it out so, but he feels it; his instinct reacts to just that suggestion.

Secondary facts, therefore, and, to a great extent, the matter of right and wrong, are lost sight of when this instinct begins to work. It is the same instinct that moves a father to defend an accused son, to stand by him to the end, regardless of his guilt or innocence. That is something of which he thinks only incidentally. It is not material to his attitude of loyalty. It can be attended to later. Unreasonable and unethical as it may sound, if the great majority of men did not believe in "my country, right or wrong," no man would ever have had a country. It is not possible for any man or any country to be always right. But it is possible to believe always in one's country, and it is necessary to the country's existence. The common cell in this great civic organism might have borne a rational discussion of the matters in hand. He was ready to concede a lack of wisdom in his rulers, a lack of perfection in details here and there. He is seldom averse to that in his lighter moments. But, when the whole thing is declared to be rotten, when his chosen rulers are constantly denounced as infamous and their possible mistakes attributed to evil intentions, he is no longer able to view the matter in an academic light. His sheer, brute patriotism is aroused and rules him in the next step he takes. He says, "These things are said of MY COUNTRY; if they are true the country is rotten, and the system under which it grew is rotten: I must be rotten myself. I don't believe it. I have faith in the country, the system and myself, and to prove it, I 'll vote that way." This is, perhaps, not a judicial frame of mind, but it is where the average man is apt to be brought by a course of pictures showing William McKinley spitting Filipino babies on his trusty bayonet, or placing the foot of John Bull on his neck, or crowning himself Emperor of the United States. And, where it is a question of what his country has done in the past, he will take the proud position that he as the principal is responsible for the acts of his duly-appointed agent, and he will stand by that agent with unquestioning loyalty.

* * *

An instructive and timely exhibition of the working of this feeling of blind patriotism is to be found in the recent English elections. The conditions there and here were similar, in that the Government had been bitterly attacked for its militarism. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the dissatisfaction there was far more general than it is here. The South African war, right or wrong, was a plain case of aggression. Joseph Chamberlain had been denounced by the antis more viciously, if possible, than our own President; and, to the most of us here, probably, not without some reason. If it were possible to subdue this sentiment of patriotism, this tendency to stand by the Government, right or wrong, one would suspect that it had been accomplished in England during the last six months. But the elections there have astonished even the Government's most sanguine supporters. And, in the great industrial centres, like London, Glasgow and Liverpool, where it might be supposed that the voters would be most susceptible to the bogie-tales of the opposition, the endorsement of Chamberlain and his policy was most emphatic. And all this without promise of change. The Ministry voluntarily appealed to the country without altering its personnel or announcing any programme. It was just a case of patriotism, a case of saying, "Here is where we must all hang together, no matter what we have done." That a similar, equally sweeping demonstration will occur here next month, it would not be reasonable to doubt.

IN THE ORIENT.

Here Western Diplomacy approached, rubbing its hands together affably.

"Pray don't be uneasy!" it implored, affecting vast solicitude.

"Well, I shall certainly not be as easy as some!" retorted the Chinese, glancing meaningly at the prostrate Boer.

FROM PRESENT indications the electoral college yell will be: "'Rah for McKinley!"

HE HAD THE SPEECH.

ABNER.—Silas says the farmers are the bulwark of the nation.

HIRAM.—Say! that feller would make a rattlin' good perlitical speaker, would n't he?

THE ANTI-TRUST planks are merely the homage which politics pays to the "vox populi."

UTILITARIANISM.

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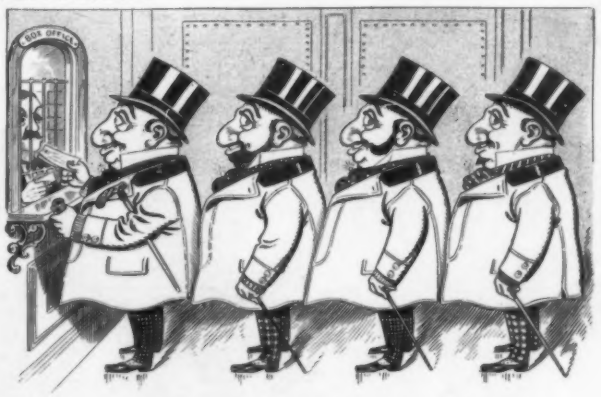
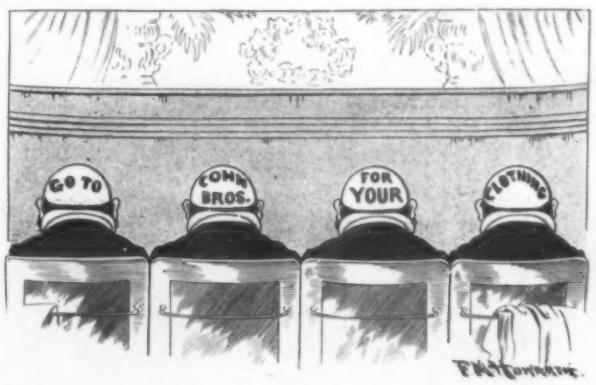


THE COHN BROTHERS.—Four seats in der pald-headted row, blease!



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"CONSISTENCY, THOU AR

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

"THOU ART A JEWEL!"

CONUNDRUMS.

The Spirit of Yesterday and the Spirit of To-day were playfully propounding conundrums to each other.

"Black and white and read all over," propounded the Spirit of Yesterday.

The Spirit of To-day gave it up.

"A newspaper, of course," said the Spirit of Yesterday.

"Black and white, except on Sunday, and read because it is yellow," propounded the Spirit of To-day.

The Spirit of Yesterday gave it up.

"A newspaper, to be sure," said the Spirit of To-day.

ITS STRONG POINT.

FIRST BOXER.—You say the charm does not make one invulnerable?

SECOND BOXER.—No, indeed! I knew ten men who wore it and they were all shot.

FIRST BOXER.—Well, I 'm going to wear it! The man who sold it to me said that besides making one invulnerable it is a first-class thing for rheumatism.

EXHAUSTIVELY PREPARED.

REUBEN.—The political speech t' other night was the best I ever heard. The speaker made a complete exposure of money, trusts and imperialism. Finest thing I ever listened to. He illustrated every phase of the matter so plainly that a ten-year-old boy could understand all about it.

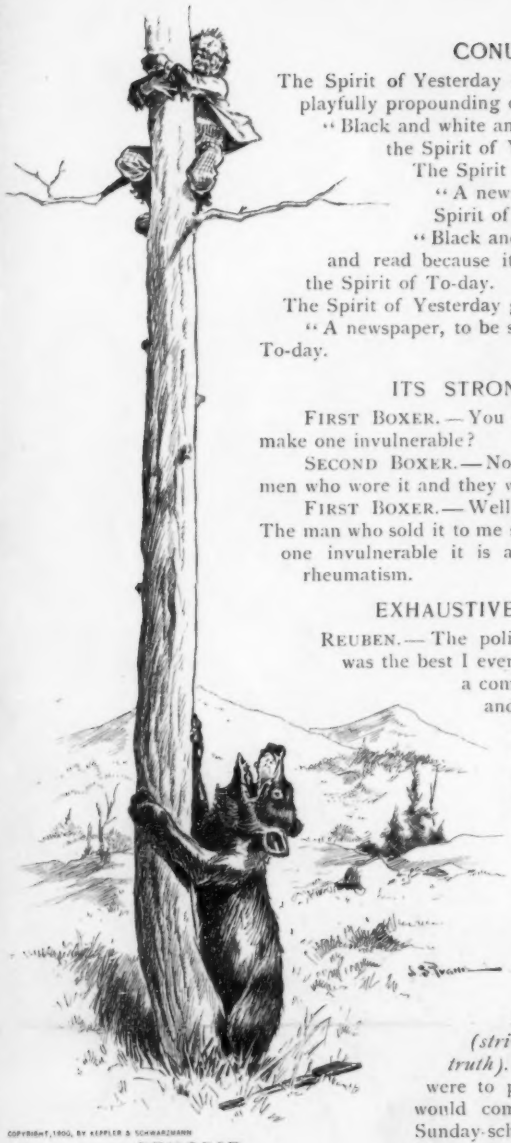
JOSHUA.—Illustrated it? How 'd he do it?

REUBEN.—Why, he had a Mexican dollar, an oil can and a Filipino cross-bow right there on the platform with him.

HE KNEW.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER *(striving to inculcate a love of truth)*.—Now, Willy, suppose you were to promise your mother that you would come right straight home from Sunday-school and then did not do so, what would you be doing?

WILLY WATERS.—Goin' a-swimmin,' Ma'am.



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REMORSE.

THE MAN.—Great Heaven! If I get out of this it 's the last time I 'll ever hunt anything big enough to put up a fight!

EVEN THE silver tongue should know when to stop wagging.

"DESTINY," said the Chinese patriot, "is merely another name for hard luck."

WHEN A MAN plunges into the mire of politics, he should always think to keep his mouth shut.

THE FITTEST, having pulled through in South Africa, will proceed to reorganize everything but their conscience.

BY SENDING word as to the exact location of his last ditch Oom Paul could confer a favor on the British public.

SPEAKING OF Sapho and Zaza, there seems to be no doubt that swallowing the camel while straining at the gnat is especially good advertising for the gnat.

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THE MAIN GUY.

NEW SANDBAGGER.—Here comes a guy sporting a plug-hat and diamonds! Shall I nail him?

OLD SANDBAGGER.—Holy Smoke, no! Dat 's de political boss o' dis here ward! Git ready to pay yer assessment!

AFTER THE FIGHT.

"Sluggem went to pieces early, did n't he?"

"Yes. About the third round he began to discover that there 's a good deal of brutality in prize-fighting."

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

TOURIST.—So the President has come to an untimely end?

NATIVE.—Oh! I don't know. He was in office six months before he was assassinated.

DOWN IN DIXIE.

FIRST PATRIOT.—Well, the openin' gun of the campaign was fired yesterday down ter the Corners.

SECOND PATRIOT.—Ah! had n't heard of it.

FIRST PATRIOT.—Yes, suh; the first gun of the campaign! Did n't do no good, though. Either we are gittin' ter be mighty poor shots, or the Republicans are wearin' bullet-proof coats, suh!

A SORRY JOKE.

JAGGLES.—The Chinese soldier is a poor shot.

WAGGLES.—So it turns out to be a good thing for the Christians that they never taught him to hit anything but the pipe.

TRUTH, at times, is stranger than the rumors from Shanghai.

SOMEBODY ought to tell the Chinese Boxers that it is n't *au fait* to box in the break-aways.

THE BODY politic is never in the best of health; but Nature might cure it if the quacks would keep their hands off.

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ADVICE.

THE AMBITIOUS YOUTH.—And may not I aspire?

THE BURGHER.—Truly, thou mayst, but I would advise thee to do thy aspiring after working-hours.

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DEMOCRACY.

MURPHY. — T'anks! Oi did n't know whether to ax ye for a light or not.

JONES. — Oh! that 's all right! I 'm as democratic as anybody.

MURPHY. — Faith, so am Oi! Oi 'd thrate aiven wan av thim cigarette-shmokin' spalpeens av dudes as an aiquil!

THE WRANGLEBURY FLATS.

THE FAMOUS Wranglebury Flats,
In Umpty-steenth Street, West,
Are like a busy, human hive —
Or, rather, hornets' nest.
There every kind of folk you find,
Of various race and clan,
Who make dishonest livings
On the European plan:
White men, black men, Chinamen and rats,
Living all together in the Wranglebury Flats.

The Wranglebury families
For fight are always game;
A riot, or a social glass —
To them it 's all the same.
Mixed ale soirées they have always,
And such a jolly time!
Beginning with a revel,
And concluding with a crime.
Next-door neighbors fight like dogs and cats;
Murder is a pastime at the Wranglebury Flats.

Oh! life at Wranglebury Flats
Is anything but slow;
The cakewalk and the rag-time dance
Of late are all the go.
Between the dances, ambulances
Dash up to the door,
So long as in the hospital
There 's room for just one more.
Flat-irons, stove-lids, axes and brickbats
Always come in handy at the Wranglebury Flats.

The Wranglebury tenants buy
Their furniture on trust;
They promise payments on account
Each month, about the "fust."
But such a plan the agent man
Is pretty sure to rue —
They throw him down an airshaft
When the first installment 's due.
Rent men, gas men, fly without their hats,
Glad to get away alive from Wranglebury Flats.

The Wranglebury men discuss
Prize-fights and politics;
One Irishman, to prove a point,
Used up a hod of bricks.
Their razor scraps and shooting craps
Policemen can't control;
But wagons stop there hourly —
Ambulance, — patrol:
"Come again! guy hurt, busted in his slats!"
So they call the "rattler" to the Wranglebury Flats.

Henry Tyrrell.

METHOD WITH HIM.

CRAWFORD. — Why do you always stay out so late?

CRABSHAW. — My wife said she would have me help her fit up a cosy corner the first time I came home early.

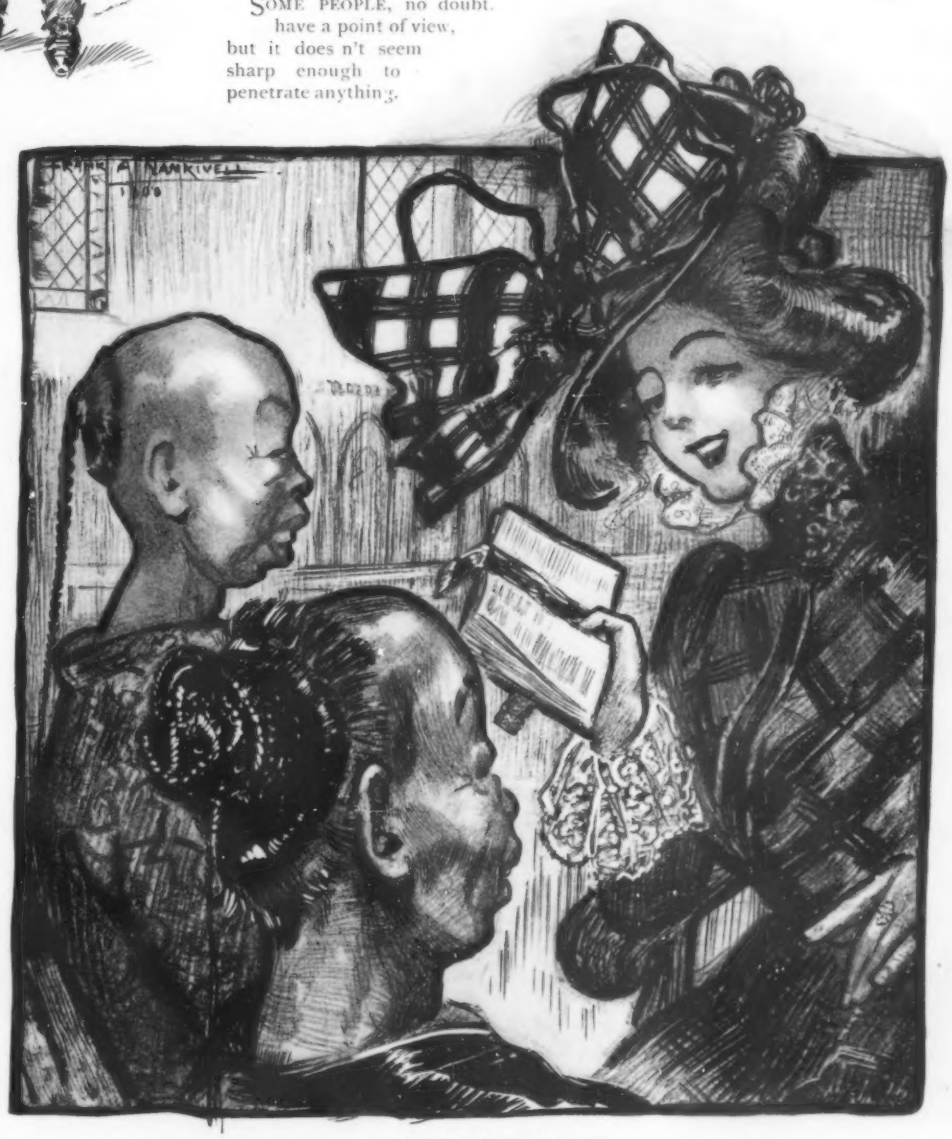
A QUESTION.

MRS. CHATTERTON. — Cook tells me she is going to be married next week.

CHATTERTON. — Indeed! I wonder if the young man thinks he can support her in the ease to which she has been accustomed?

EVERY MAN is the architect of his own castles in the air.

SOME PEOPLE, no doubt, have a point of view, but it does n't seem sharp enough to penetrate anything.



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QUITE PERSUADED.

"And you have made up your mind to be a Christian, John?"

"Thatee light! In this countlee, Chlistian 'ligion, it pay — betcherlifee!"

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That's All!

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Baltimore Md.

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"Blooker is so easily carried away by his feelings."

"Is he?"

"He went to a political meeting the other night where one of the candidate's speeches was ground out of a phonograph."

"Yes?"

"Well, he got so mad at something the machine said that he flung an egg at it and mashed a cylinder."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

IF you had to find five good friends, or be hanged, would you feel easy? —*Atchison Globe.*

The Brunswick

Always the same. We maintain the quality no matter what the market price of tobacco. Try them once. You will buy them always. *Look for Arrow Head on every Cigar.*

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A LESSON IN LOVE.

ANGELINE.—He asked me if I did n't want a lesson in love, and I said "yes."

PENELOPE.—And den wot did he do?

ANGELINE.—Why, den he borrowed five cents uv me to go around de corner and buy me some peanuts, and I hain't seen him since!

It has grown up with the country. For 40 years *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne* has been a household word.

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters—exhilarates and invigorates. Stimulates energy and makes work easy. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

HIGH-PRICED WORK.

LADY.—What makes these fashion publications so costly?

DEALER.—The plates, Madam; the pictures, you know.

LADY.—Anybody can draw hats and dresses.

DEALER.—Ah, yes! But it takes a great artist to draw faces that will look well with them.—*New York Weekly.*

AN Atchison woman of forty finds by reading over her back diaries that her heart has been broken just seventeen times, and that she longed for the cold tomb twice a year during her hammock days.—*Atchison Globe.*

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The tongue has a good memory and taste clings to it

The pure, old, mellow flavor of

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once tasted, is not lost

The tongue likes the best and gets it in Hunter.

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IT is no wonder that Li Hung Chang has a standing as a diplomat. He is said to have 1,000 hired girls in his household.—*Indianapolis News.*

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—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

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The Brighton Silk Garter (for men) is perfect in every part, and every part is **flat.** The slickest, easiest, best stocking supporter at any price is the

BRIGHTON Silk Garter

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READY TO WEAR.

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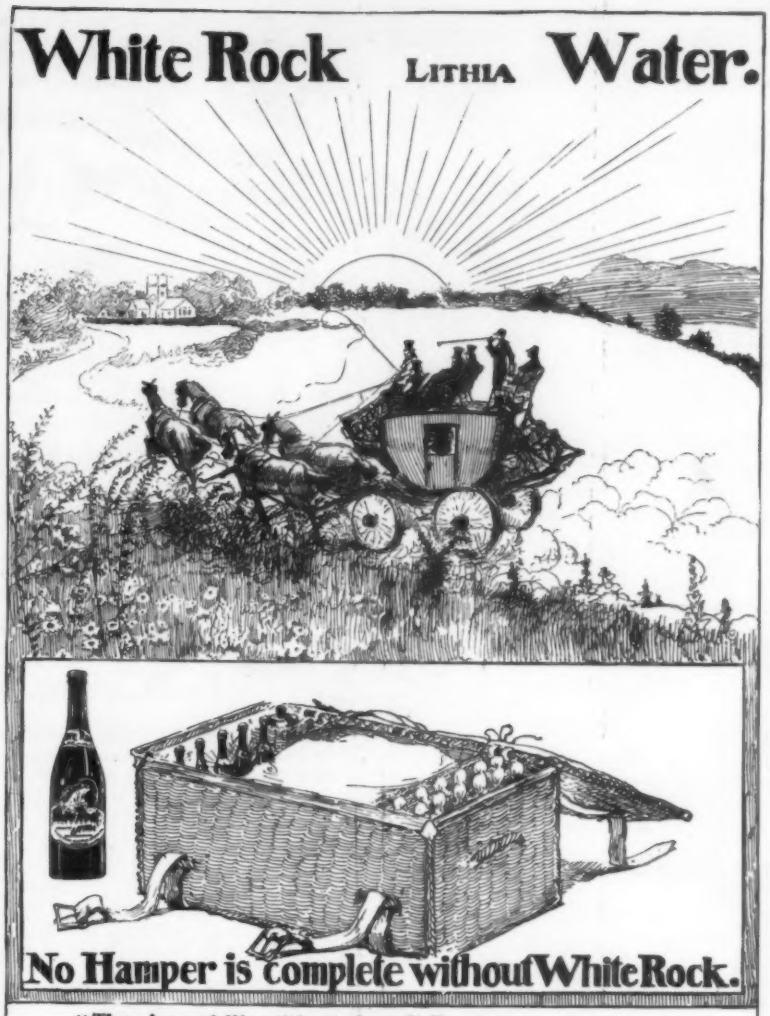
L. ADLER BROS. & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1869)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

White Rock LITHIA Water.



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For sale by Dealers; at Hotels, Cafes, Bars, and on Dining Cars everywhere.
WHITE ROCK MINERAL SPRING COMPANY, Waukesha, Wis.

The delightful flavour and unmistakable aroma peculiar to

"Canadian Club" Whisky

are not affected in the slightest degree by the addition of carbonated or still water. High Balls made from "Canadian Club" are unusually fragrant and delicious, and have a flavour which is thoroughly delightful and satisfying.

16

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Grand Prize, Paris Exposition, 1900.

TRADE MARK ACE

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The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

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FAMOUS FOR ITS LATHER

The Only Kind that Won't Dry on the Face

Sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.
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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') 6 Round Cakes, 1 lb. 40c. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for two-cent stamp.
THE J. R. WILLIAMS CO. Glastonbury, Conn.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

SHE.—Why, I thought you knew that when a woman will she will!
HE.—I only knew it from hearsay.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

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WHEEL ALWAYS UNDER CONTROL.

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AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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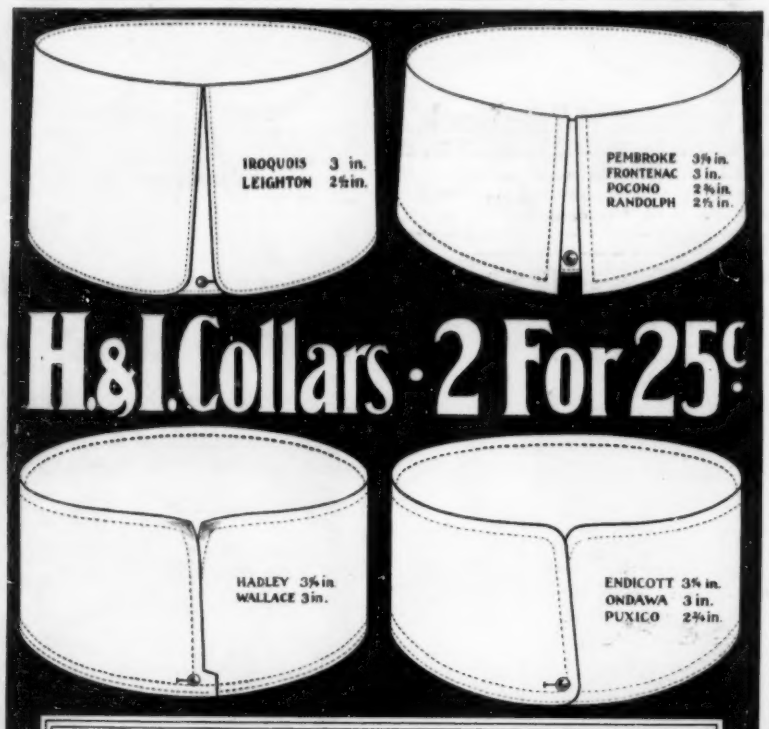
IN GLASS JARS.

"It is rumored that the Pure Food cranks are after the Chicago packers," said the first Texas steer, "to have them put their beef up in glass instead of tins, hereafter."

"Well?" remarked the second steer, indifferently.

"Well, would n't that jar you?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

WHEN a man sings when you want him to sing, he is a vocalist; when he sings when you *don't* want him to sing he is a nuisance.—*Star of Hope.*



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Four of the very latest H. & I. styles are shown above. These will be the correct styles for the coming season.

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If he does n't sell them send us 25 cents, giving the size, style and height you wish, and we will send you two collars of style and satisfaction.

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QUICKLY TOLD.

FRIEND.—What was your graduation essay about?

MABEL.—"What the Astronomers Know About Mars."

"Dear me! Why did you choose that subject?"

"Because I did n't have time to write much."—*New York Weekly.*

A NICE kind of a person is one who does not hold you responsible to-day for what you said yesterday.—*Atchison Globe.*

WHY IT FAILED.

Us farmers we got up a trust
To gain the wealth we lacked.
The scoffers said that it would bust;
Which proved to be a fact.

We furnished offices upstairs,
But quarreled most profound
'Bout which should sit in easy chairs
An' which should plow the ground.
—*Washington Star.*

PREPARED.

"If there is to be a war with China you can bet that good old Chicago is amply prepared for it."

"In what way?"

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And with pangs of indigestion your whole system is imbued,
When you feel an eager yearning to possess internal peace,
Take a R.I.P.A.N.S in the morning and your sorrows soon will cease.

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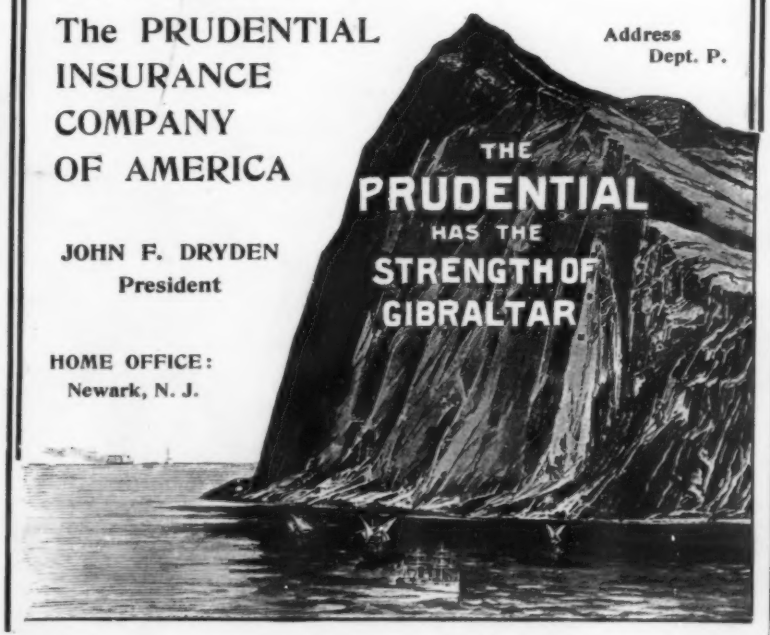

New York *Sun* says
Editorially, Dec. 12th, 1899:

LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., L.L.D.

* * * * Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall Street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whiskey courage." * * * Drunkenness has become disreputable, or is pitied as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted. The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been SCIENTIFIC rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of GOUGH, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. * * * Wall Street is filled with the stock and bonds of vast consolidated industrial enterprises which can only be maintained prosperously by the continuance in their management of a succession of peculiar administrative talents. * * * At this time, therefore, men have found out that they cannot drink to excess if they are to hold their own. Science and invention have opened up and are steadily extending fields of labor wherein the keenest intelligence in the mechanic is requisite, so that he cannot afford to fuddle his head with drink; he must be a man who can always be depended on or he will be driven out. Never before was suspicion of intemperance in a worker so fatal to his success as now. Every man who is wise keeps himself constantly in fighting trim for the contest. * * * Drunkenness has gone out of vogue both as a fashionable and as a popular amusement. It is a habit in which only those whose health and life are valueless to themselves and to everybody else can afford to indulge.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

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Detailed information of this treatment, and proofs of its success, sent free upon application to any of the institutions named.

Address the Institute nearest you.

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PERIODICAL D

I.
ARABELLA *(in alarm)*.— O Augustus! I hear Popper coming this way! Where can I hide you? You know what he said he would do if he caught you here again.

II.
"Oh! I know! Get under that pile of leaves; I will cover you up carefully.

III.
"Now, there you are! He will never suspect it in the world. Now, keep very, very quiet!"

IV.
POPPER.— Well, daughter, out here all alone, eh? A girl your age should n't seek solitude.

V.
"But I am glad to find you alone. I want to say something about that addle-pated dude that has been chasing around here after you.

VI.
"And what I have to say I can say in a very few words.

VII.
"It is this — that if that milk-sop comes around here again he will find things so warm that —"

VIII.
"——!!***——!——!!!***——!!!"

IX.
POPPER *(as Augustus passes the gardener near the gate)*.— That 's it, Murphy! Soak him good! He 's the warmest thing I 've seen for many moons.

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SMOKED OUT.— THE STORY OF A REFUGE THAT BECAME TOO WARM.